THE BOURBON NEWS.

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JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

If for the little while
That life has let to me, fair fortune's smile
Could rest upon me; if my closing days
Could be like this October, all ablaze
With gold and scarlet; if I only might
Have hands both full of silvery delight,
And all that wealth can buy, or wealth refine,
Could be at my command at wish of mine,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given to-day—
A little money for a little way.

If for the little while
That life had left to me, the Musses' smile
Could rest upon me; if my closing days
Could be like this glad morning, all ablaze
With sunlit fields and mountain tops of thought,
My poems be in every language sought;
If all that noblest genius can combine
Could come together at some word of mine,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given to-day—
A little knowledge for a little way.

If for the little while
That life has left to me, full many a mile
On land or sea, to east or west or north,
Across the world, I could at last go forth;
If I might mount the heights of Greece or Rome,
Instead of climbing little hills at home;
If I might all the Alpine mountains view,
Instead of watching shadows on Mount Blue,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given to-day—
A little climbing for a little way.

If for a little while
I could be very rich; if pile on pile
Of gold or gems could be at last my own,
To take and keep, or to be let alone;
If I could have enough to give away
To every sufferer, bid the wanderer stay
And eat and drink his fill; if every eye
Looked up with gratitude as I passed by,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given to-day—
A little helping for a little way.

If for the little while
That life has left to me affection's smile
Could rest upon me; if my closing days
Could be, like starry evenings, all ablaze
With blessedness; if lips I loved could say:
"It is so good to be with you to-day;"
If all that heart can hold of happiness
Could be my own, unfathomed, measureless,
Just for a little while!
My child, take what is given you to-day—
A little loving for a little way.
—Julia H. May, in Congregationalist.

A Broken Compact.

"WELL, for pity's sake, mother, come here!" said Janet Logan. She stood at the kitchen window, from which she could see the front gate.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Logan. She was stirring a small kettle of something on the stove, and did not want to leave it to burn.

"I just want you to look and see what's coming in at our front gate."

Mrs. Logan took a corner of her apron for a holder and lifted the kettle and its bubbling contents onto the back part of the stove. Then she joined Janet at the window. A tall, slender, untidy-looking woman was entering the gate. She had a blue-and-white soiled gingham apron tied over her frowzy head and her chocolate-colored calico dress skirt was pinned up about her waist, revealing a black quilted petticoat and a pair of blue-stockinged feet thrust into a pair of gorgeous carpet slippers so much too large for her that her walk shuffled to keep the slippers on.

"It's Jane Wadlin," said Mrs. Logan.

"I know it," replied Janet. "But will you tell me what she has in that basket?"

"Sure enough," said Mrs. Logan, vaguely, as she peered over the tops of her spectacles.

Mrs. Wadlin carried with apparent effort an enormous clothes basket piled high with something covered over with a soiled red-and-white tablecloth. The basket, which she held by either handle, was so heavy that it pulled her head and shoulders forward, and her face was red and perspiring, although it was a cool Monday morning in late September.

"There's no telling what freak has struck Jane Wadlin now," said Mrs. Logan.

But she and Janet soon knew the nature of the freak that had struck their caller that morning, for in a moment or two the basket thumped up against the kitchen door, which Mrs. Wadlin opened without the preliminary politeness of knocking.

She dropped the heavy basket to the floor and sat down on its contents, panting and wiping her red face with a corner of her soiled calico apron.

"My!" she gasped, "if I ain't about tuckered out! Why! Ain't you washing to-day, Marthy Logan?"

"We have a very light washing this week, and I haven't been in any hurry about beginning it," replied Mrs. Logan. "A jar or two of my canned raspberries had begun to work, and I thought I'd cook 'em over again before I begun to wash. I'd just told Janet she'd better go down cellar and fetch up the tubs and bring out what little wash we have."

"Then I'm just in time," said Mrs. Wadlin, with satisfaction. "I've got an awful big wash this week, and while I was gathering it up a happy thought struck me. Can't you guess what it was?"

"No, I don't know as I can."

"Well, it flashed across me: 'Why can't I gather up my dirty duds and go over and wash with Marthy Logan and make a sort of a frolic of it?' When I lived over in Peakville a friend of mine named Mag Graves and me washed together every Monday of the world. One Monday she'd lug her things over to my house, and the next I'd lug mine over to hers, and we'd wash and visit together. It was a real neighborly way of doing, and we'd awful good times; and it just flashed across me this morning: 'Why can't me and Marthy Logan do that way?' and here I am, with my wash to begin it."

Mrs. Logan looked aghast, while Janet's face flushed with annoyance, but Jane Wadlin's perceptions were not keen enough to show her that she had made a mistake.

"I do love to be neighborly," she said, as she got up and dragged the red and white tablecloth from the basket of soiled clothing. "I'll just sep'rate my colored things from the white ones, and then we can pitch right in and wash and visit at the same time."

Mrs. Logan did not know what to do or say. She was a woman of a very mild and gentle spirit. Her friends often said that "Martha Logan wouldn't hurt the feelings of a fly." She did not want to hurt the feelings of Jane Wadlin, and yet she felt that she could not enter into the arrangement Mrs. Wadlin had made regarding the washing.

Janet was also of this opinion, and yet both mother and daughter felt that Mrs. Wadlin was a woman who was not to be offended with impunity. She was a good friend and a bitter enemy.

"Come, Janet," said Jane Wadlin, "run down cellar and get the tubs and we'll pitch right in. The neighbors will think we're awful slack if we don't get our things all out by ten o'clock."

Janet glanced at her mother. Mrs. Logan struggled desperately but vainly to invent some way of preventing what she regarded as little less than a calamity.

Finally she said weakly: "Yes, Janet; go down and get the tubs."

Janet's black eyes flashed and she was about to speak, but Mrs. Logan shook her head and Janet kept silent. When she reached the cellar she said angrily, with an angry stamp of her foot on the cellar floor:

"Well, of all the impudent performances! As if we didn't have work enough of our own without doing any of Mrs. Wadlin's! There's eight in her family and only three in ours, and it's just a scheme on her part to get most of her washing done by some one else. But it'll be the last time she'll bring her washing here, now see if it isn't!"

Janet repeated this resolve many times during the day, and Mrs. Logan made a similar resolution. Mrs. Wadlin was notoriously slack and unsystematic in her methods of work, and at intervals of about two hours she would suggest that they "eat a bite" and "visit a little."

It was nearly the middle of the afternoon before the last of the "colored things" were flaunting from the line in the Logan back yard.

"And such a looking array of things as they are! What will the neighbors think?" said Janet, as she stood at the window of her room, tired and cross, and looked at the rows of pink and purple calico aprons and frocks belonging to the little Wadlins, and the pair of huge blue overalls belonging to Mr. Wadlin, and the surprising array of stockings in all sizes and colors belonging to different members of the Wadlin family.

But Jane Wadlin was serenely happy.

"Now we can have a good long visit together while our things are drying, and then we can fetch them in and dampen 'em down, and I'll have Wadlin come over and get my things after supper. I think it'd be real nice if we could iron together, but I guess we can't, because I always bake, too, on my ironing day. But I've enjoyed our washing together so much that I hope we can keep it up right along. You and Janet will fetch your things and come and wash with me next Monday, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed we will," said Janet, before Mrs. Logan could give utterance to the excuse she had intended making. When Mrs. Wadlin had finally gone home Mrs. Logan said:

"Why, Janet, what did you mean by telling Mrs. Wadlin that we would come over and wash with her next Monday? I simply cannot stand it to have Jane Wadlin and here washings here."

"Nor I," replied Janet, "and our washing at her house will end it all and at the same time keep us from quarreling with Mrs. Wadlin. Trust me for that, mother. I've a scheme of my own in mind for putting an end to this unpleasant arrangement."

Mrs. Logan somewhat reluctantly consented to the carrying out of this "scheme" when it was made known to her.

"Although I don't feel sure that it will affect Jane Wadlin as you think it will," she said to Janet.

It was about eight o'clock on the following Monday morning when Joe and Jerry Hope, the sons of one of Mrs. Logan's neighbors, appeared at Mrs. Wadlin's with an enormous clothes-basket piled high with soiled things of every sort. Each boy carried a pillow slip full of things in addition to those in the basket.

"Here's a part of Mrs. Logan's wash," said Jerry, as he and Joe deposited their burdens on the floor of Mrs. Wadlin's rather cramped kitchen.

"She and Janet said they'd be along pretty soon with the rest of it," said Joe.

"The rest!" said Mrs. Wadlin in dismay, as she looked at the great basket and the overflowing pillow slips. "Well, for pity's sake! I should think Marthy Logan had gone to keeping a hotel or opened up a laundry from the size of her wash!"

This conviction was deepened when, a few minutes later, Janet and Mrs. Logan appeared by way of the back streets carrying another clothes-basket full of things; and in addition to this, Janet, carried a market basket containing about a dozen glass fruit jars.

"I know we've got a pretty big washing," she said, cheerily, "but there'll be three of us working together, you know, and I guess we'll worry through it. And we thought we'd put up a basket of peaches to-day, as they've a lot of fine ones extra cheap at Smith's fruit store. He said he'd send a basket up here by ten o'clock for us, and we can do them while we visit."

"Yes, I s'pose we can," said Mrs. Wadlin, in a voice lacking greatly in the enthusiasm she had manifested on the preceding Monday. "But I don't believe I've half line or clothes pins enough for all this wash."

"Oh, we knew you wouldn't have," replied Janet, cheerily, "so we brought our line and dozens of pins. They're in the bottom of this basket."

"But I don't think that you can stretch line enough in my back yard for all these things."

"No, I don't suppose we can," said Janet, "but we can dry a good many things here in the house, and there's your large front porch; we can stretch lots of line on it, and the rest of the things we can spread on the grass and hang on the fence."

Mrs. Wadlin was not a woman who cared particularly "for looks," but the idea of her front porch being used as a drying ground for clothes was far from agreeable to her. Her face reddened and she bit her lip when Janet pulled the sheet away from the contents of one of the baskets and said:

"We wash up all of our bed spreads and blankets and curtains at this time of the year, and here's a basketful to begin on. Then my Grandmother Logan is falling into feeble health, and mother and I intend doing all of her washing hereafter if she don't improve, and we've quite a washing for her to-day. But I don't believe that I can do a thing until I've had a bite to eat. Supposing we have a little visit over a cup of tea? And it would be nice if we could have some of those peach preserves you said you had been making, Mrs. Wadlin."

"Well, if I don't call that cool!" said Mrs. Wadlin, when she was alone in the cellar getting a dish of her choice and limited supply of peach preserve. "And such a wash as they've lugged in here, to say nothing of putting up a basket of peaches at the same time!"

At nine, ten and eleven o'clock Janet proposed "a bite to eat," and when the basket of peaches arrived she said, coolly: "Now, Mrs. Wadlin, if you'll just finish this tub of bedclothes, I'll begin on the peaches, and we'll get a lot done to-day."

Janet's naturally orderly instincts seemed to have forsaken her that day, and Mrs. Wadlin did not greatly exaggerate the condition of her kitchen when she said to herself, while hanging out the second line of clothes:

"You can't move in that kitchen without stepping on peach stones or peach parings, and you can't get peach stains out of anything! And Janet Logan must be as hungry natured as a goat, the way she wants to eat all the time! It'll be five o'clock before we get this wash out, and then the place will look like it was a drying ground for the whole town! If this is what washing with the Logans means, I think I prefer to wash alone hereafter!"

It was six o'clock when Janet threw herself wearily into a big cushioned rocking-chair in her own home, and said, with her hand pressed to her throbbing brow:

"I never was so tired before in all my mortal life, and my head aches as if it would burst! But Mrs. Wadlin will be wearier than I am by the time she brings all of the things on the lines that were not dry when we came away. Did you hear her say, mother, that she was afraid it wouldn't be 'quite convenient' for her to wash here next Monday?"

"Yes, certainly I did," replied Mrs. Logan. "I doubt if she ever finds it 'convenient' to bring her washing here again. And yet we have preserved the peace."—Youth's Companion.

FATAL LEISURE.

Cessation of Labor Sometimes Results Disastrously.

A clergyman, elderly, but not old, who has served an important parish during a long period of years to the entire satisfaction of his parishioners, decides, not without sincere and tearful remonstrance from them, to retire from the pulpit and spend his declining years in well-earned rest and undisturbed contemplation. His health is vigorous, his mind clear, his heart happy. But within a few weeks of his retirement he is dead.

Or, instead of a clergyman, say a lawyer, a doctor, a college president, a statesman, an editor, or a business man. Make the necessary changes in descriptive detail. There is no reason apparent why he might not have continued in his profession or occupation, for ten, twenty or thirty-five years to come. "His eye was not dimmed nor his natural force abated." His retirement was voluntary and attended by all circumstances that could promise a happy and unburdened sunset of life. But within a little while, it may be a month, it may possibly be a year or two, he is dead.

Now let any one of our readers try to count up from memory the instances which he has known, or known of, within a short time past, to which these words apply. See if the number is not surprisingly great. We have no space now to discuss the subject, and it may be that the theme is too familiar to require comment. At any rate, to the thoughtful mind the phenomena are suggestive of some pensive reflections. —Boston Advertiser.

Lemonade.

Put one cup of sugar into a bowl, and grate over it the rind of two large lemons. (Be careful only to grate off the yellow part.) Then press out the lemons, strain the juice and pour it over the sugar, add half cup cold water, stir for a few minutes. Cover and let stand for 15 minutes, then stir until the sugar is dissolved; strain the sirup through a sieve, put it in a quart pitcher, fill with ice water and serve. Teaspoons are not necessary.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The One Thing Necessary.

"Have you got all you want for the cycling excursion?" asked his wife.

"Yes, I think so—the lamp, the wrench, the oil—yes."

"I knew you'd forget it," she remarked; "the most necessary thing for the trip. Here."

And she handed him the court-plaster.—Tit-Bits.

TOILET ACCESSORIES.

Dainty Details of Up-to-Date Costumes.

The new black cloth jackets are trimmed with white lace applique.

Gros grain silk is revived again for dressy gowns worn by matronly women.

White kid embroidered with colored beads is used for revers, cuffs and belts on cloth gowns.

"Louisene," a kind of poplinette, is among the new and popular materials, and it comes in very small checks of various colors.

The wise woman will not waste her substance on a sun-plaited skirt if she would be up to date two months later, for report says this variety of skirt is rapidly going out of fashion.

Tiny sea shells are the latest decoration on some of the new galons and embroideries with beads, silver and gold threads and narrow ribbons so much employed in the season's trimmings.

For evening dress young girls wear wreaths of flowers in their hair, which is arranged high on the head. Forget-me-nots are very pretty and a narrow wreath of green leaves is often very becoming.

A pretty chemisette vest for foulard and barege gowns is made of white mousseline de soie, striped across with little frills of narrow cream lace headed by one row of narrow black velvet ribbon.

Skirts flounced from the hem to the waist with ruffles shaped so that they require no gathers and edged with narrow cream lace are decidedly the latest fancy and are especially effective in glace silk.

A stylish cycling hat has a sailor brim of Panama straw and a Tam O'Shanter crown of accordion-plaited canvas, and is trimmed with a band of velvet, a rosette of turquoise blue satin and two black quills.

Red, which is such a popular color this season, needs great care in making a selection, as it is either very becoming or very vulgar, as it harmonizes or is a discordant element in its effect on the woman who wears it.

A novel idea carried out at an English wedding is a procession of eight little bridesmaids following the bride, each one wearing a Victorian bonnet made of rose twigs lined with silk of the prevailing color in the dress and carrying crooks entwined with ribbon and flowers.

Flowers and foliage form the most conspicuous part of the trimming on this summer's hats, not as in former seasons, a mass of one kind alone, but in every conceivable combination, the purple violet almost always making one kind, no matter what else the other one or even two may be.

A very new, wiry stuff, not unlike etamine in weave, only much stiffer, comes in all the bright shades and is much used as facings or for a puff set into the upper edge of the crown of the hat. Brown, with green puff of this let in, is very swagger. By the way, the hats almost without exception are faced.

The special feature of the summer shoulder cape is the short full effect which gives it the appearance of an extended neck ruff. Transparent materials, such as grenadine, mousseline de soie, batiste and net, accordion-plaited, very full, flourish in these garments, and jet and butter-colored lace figures largely in the trimming. The zouave jacket style of ornament, with the full cape sleeves, ranks with the cape as good style, but it is not so useful, owing to the inconvenience of putting it on and taking it off.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A QUICK HAIR-CUT.

The Customer's Feelings Were Not Hurt a Particle.

The scene was in a barber shop in the West End, not a hundred miles from the St. Clair hotel. The hour was nine at night, just the usual hour for closing. The barbers looked with suspicious glances at the frowsy-looking fellow who ambled in. Every chair was full. Something in the appearance of the late comer indicated that he wanted a hair cut, and no barber likes to give a hair cut just on the eve of closing. The proprietor had gone home, and every barber concluded to take his time and let some of the others have a chance at the gent with the ragged foretop. The customers in the chairs received unusual attention, and the most careful of shaves, to say nothing of closeness. Finally, flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and the barber at chair Three was compelled, much against his will, to cry:

"Next!"

Frowzletop ambled to his seat and gently murmured: "Hair cut." Then the barber struck his gait. He was the quintessence of action, the apotheosis of speed. The apron was in place in ten seconds or less. There were no inquiries as to the length or style. Everything went, including the hair. The clippers flew. The air was full of hair. A lick or two of the razor and the straggling hair was off the neck. Then a little whisp with the duster and all was over. Frowzletop turned and said, with the most satisfied air:

"That's the way I like to get a hair cut. Was you doin' it against time? I ain't got any use for them barbers that take an hour to give you a hair cut."

He deposited his quarter in a contented way, and went out into the night air as the door was closed and bolted behind him.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Fancies in Belts.

Belts of all kinds are preferred an inch and a quarter wide.

Leather now may be had in all colors to match all gowns.

The harness belts with severely plain buckles are considered very stylish.

Jeweled and enameled belts are dressy, but should never, under any consideration, be worn with cotton shirt waists or cotton dresses.—Chicago Record.

CANINE TRESPASSERS.

Dogs Sometimes Seem to Know Private Grounds.

There are those who say that the knowledge that the invader has no right to be there adds to the pleasure of trespass. We doubt it greatly. But we have no doubt at all that many animals are perfectly aware of the illegal side of trespass, that they know that it is naughty and disallowed, and that in doing so they are contravening the rights of property. This, of course, involves the supposition that animals understand property not only in things but land. There are many "leading cases" to prove this, the commonest being the vigor with which dogs drive any strange animal out of their master's garden. Dogs are so well aware of the whole moral and legal aspects of trespass, that when once they have made up their minds to it they actually trade on the knowledge that their owner has a conscience, though they have not.

We have noticed this in great perfection in the case of canine trespass on the grass circles in front of a semi-public building in London. This delectable piece of grass is divided from the road by a high railing, but the gate usually stands open. Dogs, passing with maids on their way to do shopping or with children out for a walk, after some reconnoitering, dash in and have delightful games on these grass plots, with rolling over, racing around, and general high jinks. The maids and children, being shy, are not likely to trespass, stand at the gate, call, whistle, and implore. But the dogs go on just the same. This is a common form of dog trespass. Its meaner side was painfully shown in the following case: Most well-brought-up small boys, who are naturally much tempted to trespass, are so lectured and frightened with stories of policemen that they are quite nervous on the subject.

One such small boy, attended by a collie dog, was passing, when the dog ran in at the gate, and, being instantly joined by a friend, proceeded to race and play on the grass. The good little boy stood at the gate and whistled till the tears ran down his cheeks with anxiety. But the dog took not the slightest notice. He only played harder with his friend. At last the boy walked gingerly in, on the path, and came up to the edge of the turf on which the dog was playing. To trespass further than that was more than the boy's conscience would permit; so he stood by the edge of this grass as if it were a pond of water too deep to venture into. The dog saw, and took instant advantage of his scruples. He played on in his grass circle just as boldly as before, while the poor boy drifted around the edge, holding out his hand, calling, whistling and imploring, but in vain. Then the door of a lodge opened, and a pitying porter came to the rescue. He had hardly stepped out of the lodge when the two dogs grasped the situation and bolted, leaving the boy to any fate which their wickedness had laid up for him.—London Spectator.

A DELUSION OF THE WHEEL.

Disappointing Men and Women Who Look Well as Seen from the Wheel.

"I have found that the experience was the same with both the men and the women," said a regular bicyclist, "and during two years of observation I have never known the rule to fail. The slim, tailor-made woman, who looks tidy and pretty from behind, and is as a matter of fact, neither young nor pretty when her full face is seen, is already an old theme for comic papers and jokers. But it took the bicycle to put a new phase on the theme. Nine times out of ten the woman who sits erect, wears a well-fitting suit, and displays a particularly slim and graceful figure is certain to be—well, old when you ride past her and look round to get a good view of her face. She is likely to be thin, with a wrinkled face, having as much freshness and youth about it as a dried apple. It's unfortunate that such should be the case, but it is so, and in the majority of cases the pretty, fresh-looking girl will not ride half as well as her rival who can keep a spickness on the wheel that nobody can excel. The latter will dress better, hold herself better, and so long as she is viewed only by the men riding behind her she will be far more impressive than any of the younger and better-looking women on wheels. It is, of course, disappointing when the opportunity for seeing the full face comes. But the spectacle is pleasant enough for awhile.

"Something of the same kind is true of the men. I have known slim fellows, with finely-developed calves, to turn out sallow-faced, dyspeptic-looking men, with eyeglasses and a discontented expression. Riding behind them they looked like young athletes, and the contrast with their real looks was something awful. Not only physically, but also as far as their dress goes, such men look better, when seen from the rear, than nine out of any ten men one sees on the boulevard, and they ride along so slowly and delicately that they are never ruffled, and never wilt their collars. They are like the disappointing women, the spickest looking riders on the road. But they are never able to stand the front view.—N. Y. Sun.

A Popular Dance.

First Sweet Girl—Oh you should dance Strauss' new minute waltz; it's perfectly lovely!

Second Sweet Girl—I hate those poky old minute figures.

"Oh, it isn't like the old minute at all. It's too lovely for anything! You waltz awhile, and then the music changes and you go off in a corner and hug."—N. Y. Weekly.

—There is trouble in Topeka, Kan., because of the mad freak of an imprudent reporter. His printed report of the wedding closed with a eulogy of the bride, and a list of the young men whom she had rejected.

CHILDREN'S VIEW OF WORK.

They Delight in Occupations and Amusements of Grown People.

No scheme of education has yet been devised that can develop mind and character without effort upon the part of the pupil, and part of the compensation of labor is the knowing that we have performed it. Why should we deny the child this natural gratification and substitute for it the doubtful bliss of an everlasting play spell? We must not suppose that the child who is set to some little task and told that he is playing is really deceived. The infant mind is acute and divines much that we suppose securely hidden from it. All that we effect by our dramatization of work is to make labor distasteful; by strenuously insisting that it is easy to do a thing we set too high a premium upon ease and make a slight hardship seem an unendurable burden. Now, I maintain that work is not a bugbear to the unspoiled child's mind, and it is not unnecessary, but injudicious, to cover up the difficulty that may lie in an achievement, since it is the realization of the difficulty that braces his spirit and stimulates his laudable ambition. That is the prime want of all youth. To grow, to advance, to do and be what older people do and are. The delight of infancy is to have furnished to it the occupations and amusements of grown people, in kind if not in degree, and this emulation is wholesome if its models are fair specimens of human nature.

The child world is not very different from the adult world, and left to himself the little one builds his plans upon the pattern his parents set before him in their own daily avocations. He perceives that they labor to certain ends, they accomplish something. He, too, yearns to accomplish something, and his energies, expanding with use, stretch out to larger and larger things, until the happy consummation is reached that he can do what father does: in the case of a little girl, what mother does. I have questioned little ones and—a better way—observed them, and have found that their delight is not in any work purely infantile in its nature, but in large work cut down to suit their size. That is, they want real work, not make-believe work. They desire to feel that they have a part in the world and are necessary to it, and it is through this innate desire to participate in the functions of parents that a child can be guided to a career of usefulness that develops his talents and conduces to his self-respect. Herein is where wise home training is so valuable, so indispensable. —Woman's Home Companion.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Odd Items of Information on Home Matters.

An old housekeeper says that there may be many new liquids for freshening and brightening carpets, but she has yet to find anything that will do better work than ox gall. Use one gill to a gallon of cold soft water, stirring the ox gall into the water with a stick. With a soft brush rub the carpet, making a white lather. Two persons should do this work, one following the other and washing the lather off with clear water. The water should be changed often, and then the carpet should be rubbed with clean cloths until dry.

Among the crosses many housewives have to annoy them is a bathtub of uninviting appearance in a room that otherwise looks fresh and clean after the spring renovating. The tarnished surface may refuse to become bright, no matter what cleaning materials are employed. By being your own workman you may, at a trifling expense, make the tub quite desirable. Procure a small can of common paint of any light color desired, a can of enamel paint of the same color, and a good-sized brush. Cut eight or ten-inch pieces of yellow soap into bits, and put it over the fire to dissolve in a couple of quarts of water. Fill the bathtub with very hot water, and throw in a generous handful of powdered borax and the dissolved soap. When the water becomes cool enough to put the hands in it, scrub the surface with a brush, letting the water run off as the work is done. Again partly fill the tub with hot water and scrub it with the brush and sand soap to make sure that all greasy particles have been removed. Then rinse it in clear hot water and thoroughly dry. Cover it with two coatings of the common paint, letting one thoroughly dry before putting on the second coat. Then give it several coats of the enamel paint. This paint will dry more quickly than the other, and the bath will no longer be an unsightly object. Care must be used not to run very hot water into the bath alone until the paint has hardened.

Have you ever used dry lima beans for that well-known and desirable dish, pork and beans? They are excellent. These beans are also very nice baked and served in place of potatoes. They should be allowed to bake very slowly and a tablespoonful of butter should be substituted in this dish of beans for the, to many undesirable, pork.—N. Y. Sun.

Politeness at Home.

In family life do not let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak more plainly to your associates, but you ought not to do it less courteously than you would speak to strangers.—Detroit Free Press.

Meat Balls.

Take any bits of cold meat, add one onion, chop fine. Mix with one egg, a few breadcrumbs, and a spoonful of flour. Season with pepper and salt, moisten with a little water or gravy, mix thoroughly, make into small balls, roll in flour and fry quite brown. These are nice seasoned with poultry dressing. If this is used the pepper may be left out.—Ladies' World.